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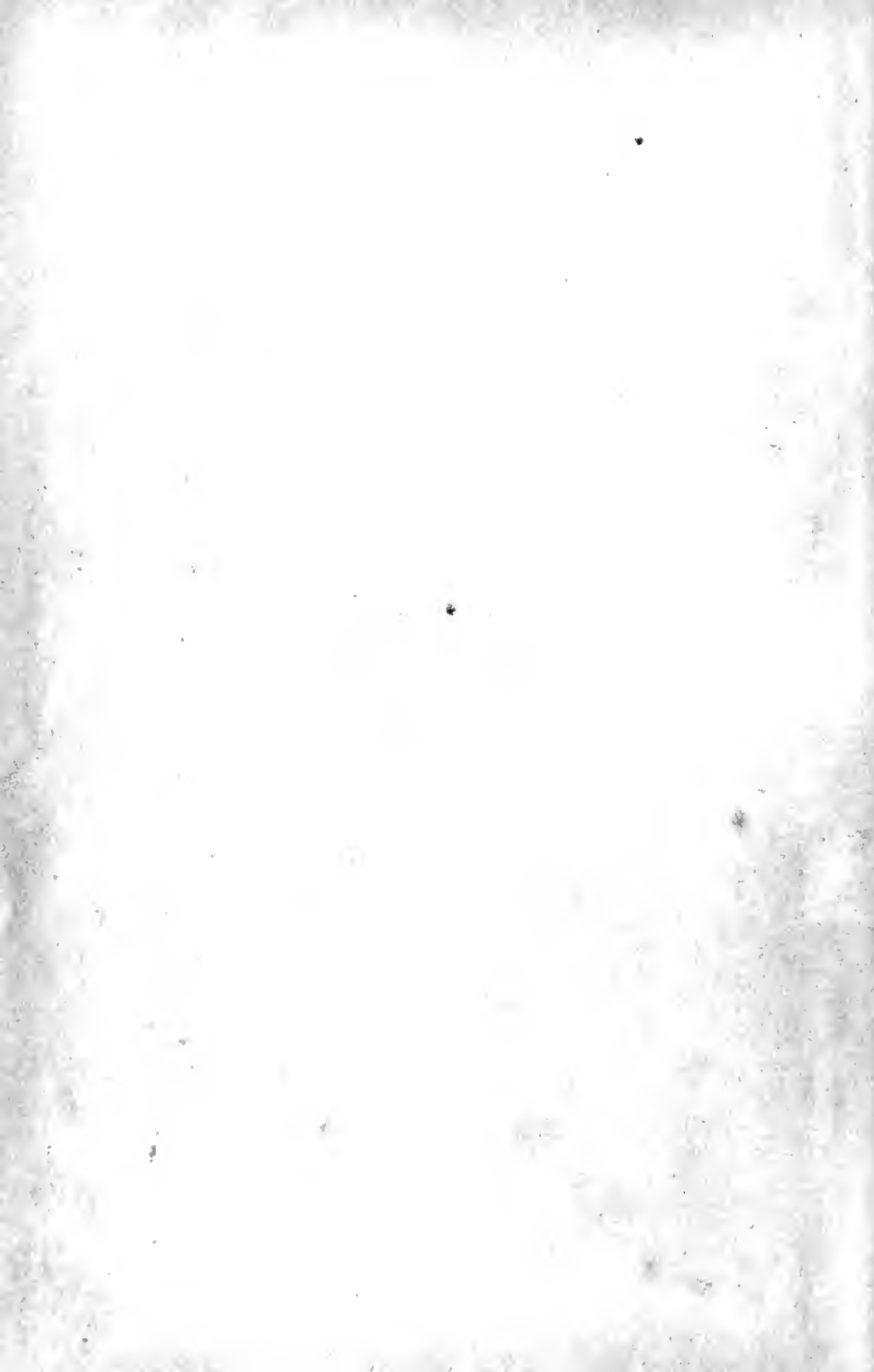
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A VISIT TO GERMANY

1799, 1800.

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JOURNAL, &c.



JOURNAL

KEPT DURING A VISIT TO GERMANY

IN 1799, 1800.

*By Mrs. S. George, afterwards C.,
Mrs. Anneville French.*

EDITED BY

Her Son

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



[NOT PUBLISHED.]

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN last year the letters journals and other papers of my Mother came into my hands, I found among these a journal somewhat irregularly kept during a visit to Germany in 1799, 1800. This was not intended for publication, and only parts of it have received even that limited publicity which I am giving to them here. I should not have done even so much, had this journal been nothing else but an account of sights seen, and cities visited, of picture galleries and the like ; since it would have been idle to draw from its obscurity a record which, however well done, must now be manifestly out of date. But it is not so. The chief interest of the journal lies in the notices of *persons* with whom the writer was brought into more or less familiar contact. It is true that among these Nelson is the only one of primary historic interest ; but there are

many others about whom we are still glad to hear anything from those who have anything to tell, and are capable of telling it—names, it may be, of secondary importance, or such as occupy no place at all in history, but which still live more or less in the memoirs of that time, and live on even to our own time in the oral traditions of social life. More than one member of our own Royal Family, the Duke of Brunswick and his Court, the Queen of Prussia, Breteuil, Beurnonville, Bellegarde, Rivarol, Gentz, Lavalette, Alexis Orloff, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Minto, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mr. Elliot, our Minister at Dresden, Righini the composer, Füger the painter, with others, all find a place here; and brief as are the notices of many among them, yet, if a natural partiality does not deceive me, they are frequently lively, vigorous, and distinctive; and altogether there rises before one a certain picture of Germany and German Courts, at a time when Marengo was more recent than Solferino is now, such as is not obtained from books of far greater pretensions.

One further word I am unwilling not to speak. If to some into whose hands this little volume may fall,

it should seem merely or mainly the record of a pleasure-seeking existence, of a life lived in the world and for the world, I dare not deny the partial truth which would lie in such a judgment. Undoubtedly the deeper life, the more serious and earnest views of existence, all for which her children have to thank her the most, was to be in her the fruit of sorrows and trials which at this time were yet in the future. But the journal itself, if printed more at full, would leave much less of this impression than do the extracts which I have given from it, setting aside, as I have done, very much which shows an earnest desire for mental improvement, with other matters more serious and solemn still, which in a just reserve I have passed over. These allowances made, if some grounds for such a censure should still remain, yet would they in large part have disappeared.

To explain the position of the writer at this time, it may be needful to say that, being the only daughter of the only son of Richard Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford, to whom so many of Lord Chesterfield's letters are written, she was married, at the age of nineteen, to Colonel St. George, of Carrick-on-Shannon, and

at the age of twenty-two was left a widow with an only son. An interval of several years elapsed before her second marriage, during which period the visit to Germany, of which a record is in these pages, was made.

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER,

June 10, 1861.

JOURNAL:

OCTOBER 20, 1799, *Yarmouth*.—I left London on the 16th, with the consolation of feeling that all my friends parted from me as from a beloved child, mixing with their affection a degree of care that proved they quite forgot I was more than fifteen. I have been detained here since last Friday, waiting for a fair wind, and my imprisonment would have been comfortless enough, had it not been for the attentions of Mr. Hudson Gurney, a young man on whom I had no claims except from a letter of Mr. Sanford's; who without knowing or having any connexion with him, recommended me to his care, feeling wretched at the idea of my being unprotected in the first stage of my journey. He has already devoted to me one evening, and two mornings, assisted me in money matters, lent me books, and enlivened my confinement to a wretched inn by his pleasant conversation. Mr. Sanford having described me as a person travelling *alone for her health*, he says his old assistant in the

bank fancied I was a decrepit elderly lady who might safely be consigned to his youthful partner. His description of his surprise, thus prepared, was conceived in a very good strain of flattery. He is about two and twenty; understands several languages, seems to delight in books, and to be uncommonly well informed.

Oct. 27, Cuxhaven.—Arrived yesterday—wretched passage, a high wind, never able to quit my little miserable bed. I fancied myself a good sailor, because I tolerated my Portuguese voyage, when I had the whole vessel to myself, several attendants, all possible luxuries and accommodations, and every person on board occupied in sparing me the shadow of an inconvenience. I find that travelling under the protection of a husband that deifies one, and is profuse in all expense that can promote one's comfort, gives a very faint idea of the *contresens* of an economical and solitary journey.

Nov. 4, Ham, near Hamburgh.—Arrived at the Stadt Petersburg on the 29th. Baron Breteuil* called

* Baron Breteuil, born in 1733, was employed by Louis XV. in important diplomatic services, in Russia and elsewhere; and at a later day was Minister of Home Affairs. He opposed the calling together of the

next morning, and overcame all my objections to making him a visit by proving it was as much the wish of his daughter as himself. She also called and reiterated the invitation. The baron is rich as an *émigré*, having near 4000*l.* a-year. He has a delightful house, and entertains in a very comfortable way, without any pretension to keeping up his ancient style of magnificence. He sees not only his friends, but a various and extensive acquaintance. His daughter, Mad. de Matignon, has a certain share of wit, great pleasantry, the best manners possible, and unalterable cheerfulness, amounting indeed to what may be called uncommon high spirits. His grand-daughter, the Duchess of Montmorenci, is pleasing, lively, and well-bred, less clever than her mother in conversation, and excessively occupied with her toilette, but in so unaffected a way it rather diverts than fatigues. The whole time of my visit she has employed herself in taking patterns of every thing I possessed, and making up similar dresses with the ingenuity of a milliner or mantua-maker. The whole family vie with each

States-General, and headed for a moment a reactionary ministry after the brief retirement of Neckar. He left France in 1790, and after residing in Hamburg for some years, was allowed to return, in 1802, to France. He died at Paris, in 1807.—Ed.

other in proofs of civility to me, and in solicitations that I would prolong my stay. Last evening they accompanied me to the play, and in spite of the law which commands the gates of Hamburg to be closed at half-past five, we returned to Ham at ten. This is done by a little manœuvre, and crossing the river where it is shallow and narrow, an operation of about fifteen minutes. I saw it was an expedition which did not delight the baron, though he undertook it on my account, and I am not surprised at his repugnance, as certainly in the month of November it was a party only suited to five and twenty.

Nov. 6, Sollau.—Left Ham yesterday, penetrated with Baron Breteuil's unaltered friendship, which time and absence have had no power to diminish. 'I must give you an idea of this day's journey, not by way of complaint, but of narrative. Without delay, dispute, accident, or ever quitting the carriage, I have travelled from Hopen here, exactly at the rate of two English miles an hour, in a post chaise, but moderately loaded, and drawn by four horses. It is two posts, one of four, the other of three German miles, each of which you know is some four English. The roads are dreadfully bad, but from the flatness of the country,

and the absence of either wall or ditch, not dangerous. Going so slow, in an occasional journey, does not signify, but I should be sorry to *live* where the difficulty of communication is so great. It would be a sad thing to think that if your child or best friend was in the most urgent distress at a hundred miles' distance, you would be fifty hours getting to them even if you travelled night and day, which on these roads few constitutions could bear. The sterility and uninhabited appearance of the country is melancholy to excess. Imagine a dead flat, either absolutely naked, or slightly covered with a little starved heath, and sometimes extending three or four miles without an appearance of life, or trace of the hand of man. After driving for a couple of hours through a desert of this sort, you cannot imagine the pleasure with which I saw and heard three or four geese, which formed in my eye a most interesting group.'

Nov. 8, Zell.—The second post of yesterday's journey was more tolerable to the eye than any I have yet seen, as a river in one place, and here and there a few trees, broke the general appearance of sterility. Many of them were firs, whose deep green contrasted agreeably with the withered leaves of bright brown and

yellow that were intermixed. This is a very small town, without trade or manufactures, and possesses no attractions of any kind ; yet I remained here to day partly to rest, and partly to view at my leisure the castle where Matilda, Queen of Denmark, died in the bloom of her youth, after having expiated by three years' confinement either her indiscretion or her crime, for history seems at a loss to decide whether she was guilty or only imprudent. It is a quadrangle surrounded by a moat, has once been whitewashed, but is now very dirty, and the outside has a gloomy appearance, increased perhaps by our associating with it ideas of banishment and a prison. The apartment once inhabited by Matilda is a suite of five rooms, terminating in her bed-chamber. They are all hung with tapestry, and her bed is of green damask. Though unsuitable to a youthful Queen, they are yet spacious, convenient, and have a certain air of dignity.

Nov. 9, Hanover.—Another day of fatigue and two tedious posts have brought me here. The country has improved during this last day's journey. There is a road edged with trees, instead of the miserable track, scarce discernible, through sand or heath ; and here and there the eye is refreshed with a culti-

vated field and distant wood. I am not out of humour with German travelling, slow as it is. I have found all the people I employed, obliging, though not *empresé*, and there is a quietness in their manner that pleases. The postillions neither swear nor beat their horses, and are satisfied with a very small gratuity.

Nov. 13.—Received a visit from Mr. Tatler, one of Prince Adolphus' household. Soon after he sent me a civil note and several books.

Nov. 15.—Prince Adolphus, who arrived last night, called on me this morning. His exterior is highly prepossessing. He is extremely handsome, tall, and finely formed. His complexion fair, yet manly ; his features regular, yet expressive. His manners bear that stamp of real goodness, which no art can imitate, no other charm replace ; and though he presents himself with suitable dignity, his address immediately inspires ease and confidence. His conversation is fluent, various, and entertaining.

Nov. 16.—Prince Adolphus called on me about twelve, introducing to me Mad. de Busche, whose husband has a place at Court, and whom he has fixed

on to accompany me in my round of visits. She is a beautiful grandmother, with irresistible manners. At six Mad. de Busche called to take me to pay my visits ; we only dropped tickets, and afterwards she introduced me, according to an arrangement of the Prince's, at Mad. de Wallmöden's. The Maréchal de Wallmöden is son to George the Second and the beautiful Lady Yarmouth. Our company only consisted of our host and hostess, the two Princes, an officer who played on the violin, some musicians, and Mr. Tatler, who educated the Princes Augustus and Adolphus, and now lives with the latter as a friend.

Nov. 18.—The Prince, who regularly sends me the newspapers, was so kind as to call on me at five in the evening with a French gazette ; and afterwards Mr. Tatler, whose adoration of him is truly interesting, sat with me the rest of the evening. He enlarged much on his goodness, saying he never had done, and never would do, anything to give the king, his father, a moment's uneasiness. He cannot speak of his father without tears in his eyes.

Nov. 20.—Dined at Court ; an invitation dinner of about thirty persons. Prince Adolphus of course re-

presents our king ; but there is no ceremony, and the dinner does not differ from that at the house of any private gentleman, except in the number of attendants and the circumstance of every person's being placed at table according to their rank. They rise from table in about two hours and a half, drink coffee, and separate between five and six. There is no particular court dress. When I least expected it the band played 'God save the King.' It was the first time I had heard it since I left England, and in addition to the feelings it usually excites, it awakened ten thousand fond ideas of home and all the dear friends I had left behind. It was a painfully-pleasing moment.

Nov. 24.—An assembly at Mad. Bielwhal's. Instead of the constant ingress and egress from ten till one, as at a London assembly, every one assembles at about half-past six and goes away about nine. I like this better ; you are sure of meeting your acquaintances by going to the same place, which does not follow in London.

Nov. 27.—At a supper at Madame de Wallmöden's, met a countryman, Lord B—, whom I had always seen with great indifference at home,

but whose appearance in a foreign country gave me great pleasure.

Dec. 3.—A ball at Prince Adolphus'. His house is very beautiful, both as to taste and magnificence, and the former predominates just enough. The rooms are chiefly hung and furnished with Lyons silks, in compartments, and the ceilings, floors, doors, windows, &c., are painted in the most exquisite Italian style. The hall is lofty and well-proportioned, the apartments perfectly distributed, and there is a marble saloon and a boudoir lined with looking-glass, which more resemble a description in the *Arabian Nights* than anything one has seen in real life. The ball was gay and brilliant; many more men than women, which still surprises me, after having been accustomed to see seven women to one man in London.

Dec. 18.—I have had a little cold, and have not been out in an evening since the concert at Court on the 9th, except once *en famille* to Count Münster's.* Count Münster has a charming collection of pictures,

* Count Münster is well known in England, having been for many years, during the connexion between Hanover and England, the minister for Hanoverian affairs at the Court of London.—Ed.

which he chose himself at Rome when he was there with Prince Augustus. He paints himself in oils extremely well for an amateur. At his house I met Mad. Zimmerman, widow of the writer on *Solitude*. She seems a very intelligent and is a very pleasing woman. She is not admitted to any of the great assemblies of any of the first class, but may visit them in private. The distinction between the *noblesse* and the other classes is here kept up with a rigorous exactitude. At first it provoked me. On reflection, I believe it contributes more to happiness than the mixture of ranks in London. Here every one moves contentedly in their own class; there all are struggling to associate with those above them, whence proceeds a vast share of envy, expense, and dissipation. Much of these evils is cut up by the roots, when it is impossible by any exertion to quit the society of equals for that of superiors; and as this rule only extends to large societies, it does not break asunder any endearing ties; for who would not rather see their friend in a society of six than of sixty persons?

Dec. 24.—I this day saw the little fete of Christmas-Eve, so interestingly alluded to in Werther. Mad. de Wallmöden knew it was a scene that would please

me. On that evening all the children and young people in a family receive from their friends a variety of presents called *les étrennes*. They are arranged with taste upon tables highly illuminated, ornamented with boughs and shrubs, natural and artificial. Here you see, in agreeable and studied confusion, shawls, ribbons, flowers, pelisses, ornaments, toys, sweetmeats, books—everything, in short. One table was spread for the Countesses de la Lippe, two wards of the Field-Marshal, and one for each of his children and grandchildren. When all is arranged the young people are admitted, and nothing can form a greater variety of pleasing pictures ; and then the delight of the children, their unstudied expressions of gratitude, and the pleasure of the parents in witnessing the delicious sensations of that bewitching age. I was sensibly affected by this scene, and equally interested by Mad. de Wallmöden's deep but unobtrusive sensibility, and the lively expression of happiness in the looks and gestures of Mad. de Kielmansegge, a beautiful little woman, whose animation in the embraces of her children is contrasted by a certain indifferent *nonchalance* on other occasions. The Field-Marshal retained his usual appearance of strong sense and conscious but not unpleasing superiority, which gives him rather the aspect

of an observer than an actor in every passing scene. I sang several English songs, which pleased by their novelty those who had never heard them before ; and the Prince de la Lippe's tutor observed that he was quite surprised at finding the English language could be so well adapted to music. As it is much softer than German, the remark added to the long list I have made in proof that nothing English is appreciated by foreigners. They willingly overrate the individual, but almost always underrate the nation.

Dec. 27.—A day of leave-taking. The Prince gave me a map of Germany for my tour, and sent me a kind note enclosing a letter of recommendation to the Duchess of Brunswick.

Dec. 28.—At five o'clock bade adieu to Hanover. My host, hostess, children, and family, were all up to see me depart ; had prepared spiced wine, and showed me every little mark of attention.

It was of course quite dark when I set out, and the day seemed to dawn from earth instead of heaven, in consequence of the ground being covered with snow. I travelled eight German, or thirty-eight English, miles with the same horses, rested an hour, and arrived about six at Brunswick.

Dec. 29, Brunswick.—This evening saw Mr. Loftus, eldest son to the General. As I did not think of staying here, even for a day, or being presented, I brought no letter except that I received from Prince Adolphus, which I did not know the etiquette of sending. Fortunately, Mr. Loftus, whose father and mother I am well acquainted with, can assist me in this and other particulars.

Dec. 30.—Sent to inform the Duchess' maid of honour I had a letter for her royal highness. The reply was an invitation to wait on her at six to-morrow evening.

Dec. 31.—At six went to the Duchess's *casino*, so they call an undress ball and supper. She received me with the most winning condescension. It is impossible not to be delighted with the ease, good humour, and familiarity of her deportment. She has great fluency in her own conversation, and is very attentive to that of others, evidently showing her approbation when anything is said that strikes or pleases her. There are few ways in which a great person can encourage or gratify more than this, and yet it is not common in the very highest class. She is a fair, well-looking

woman, with what we call a very good countenance, and I think when young must have been handsome. She is now a great deal too large, and her dress made her appear more so, being a thick buff-coloured satin chemise, with long sleeves entirely lined, as she told me, with fleecy hosiery.

The Duchess invited me to sup at her table with a party of about ten, and placed me by her. I should have enjoyed the conversation and her civility much more if she had not, after many other inquiries, extracted from me my age, which I had determined to keep a secret while here, as people have thought me much younger than I am, and as so few tell truth on that subject, those that do are always given a few years more than they really have. Her exclamations of surprise and declaration that twenty-four was the utmost any one could give me, did not console me for having been brought to confession.

The Duke of Brunswick is a tall military-looking man, with a fine penetrating countenance; his manners polite, but imposing and dignified even to a degree of stateliness.

Jan. 1, 1800.—Dined and supped with the Duchess, and sat by the hereditary Prince each time. At dinner

he was wonderfully affectionate, considering we had not been acquainted twenty-four hours. At supper, when time had improved our knowledge of each other sufficiently for such a confidence, he assured me I was the most interesting person he had ever met, and that nothing would make him so happy as being able to prevail on me to stay at Brunswick. This was accompanied with many sighs, *doux yeux*, and exclamations, to all which I answered with low bows and audible expressions of gratitude. I could not refrain from this little malice, as everything of the soft kind was said in so very low a whisper that I saw nothing could be more unwelcome, or more likely to stop such declarations, than thus making them public. In the course of the evening I was presented to the Dowager Duchess, a wonderful woman of eighty-five. She is grand-daughter to George the First, whom she says she remembers seeing when she was eight years old, and grandmother to the Princess of Wales, so is doubly connected with England. She is sister to the great Frederick, whose pictures she resembles, has great sharpness in her eyes, and peculiar animation in her remarkably small features. Her address is pleasing, and there is a neatness, a purity, if I may so express myself, in her whole appearance, that one con-

templates with satisfaction. I played commerce at her table, putting a florin in the pool, a strong contrast to the high play of London. I had been presented the night before to the Hereditary Princess, a lively little woman, about twenty-nine. She has a remarkably good carriage and address, walks and dances well, and has a certain quickness in her looks, speech, and motion that gives an idea of great natural vivacity.

Jan. 2.—Dined with the Hereditary Princess—no other woman but Lady Findlater, who appears sensible, lively, and talkative. In the evening went to a concert at the reigning Duchess's. I do not find an atom of that form I was taught to expect in all German Courts. Not only the Duchess, but the ladies who played *raco* with her, worked in the intervals of the game. At another table there was a large party employed in knotting, netting, embroidery, and even the homely occupation of knitting stockings; while the Hereditary Princess and those idlers who had no regular work, were busy making lint for the hospital. The Duchess was extremely kind to me, and I again supped at her table, and she obligingly desired me to dine with her next day, if I was invited nowhere else.

Jan. 3.—After dinner the Duchess pressed me to stay some time at Brunswick, at least till the arrival of Lady Minto, to whom she said she would introduce me. She dwelt on the inconvenience of my going to Vienna a perfect stranger; and said that a woman of my age and appearance, who travelled in that way, had '*tous les préjugés contre elle.*' We were alone, and she enlarged most affectionately on the subject, ending by kissing my cheek, and assuring me that, despite of this disadvantage, every one in Brunswick was excessively partial to me, which she kindly said gave her great pleasure. I supped with the Dowager Duchess. She conversed with me after we rose from supper: '*Vous n'aimez pas beaucoup en Angleterre le Roi de Prusse.*' I frankly owned to her we did not. But, said she, '*il n'est pas assez riche pour faire face aux dépenses d'une guerre contre les François, et d'ailleurs il ne pourroit pas s'unir avec l'Empereur. Les François ont bien voulu lui donner Hanovre, mais il l'a refusé.*' She expressed great regret at not having learned English. '*Vous avez de grands écrivains en Angleterre; j'aime infiniment Pope; je le trouve au dessus de Voltaire.*' She then reverted to politics, extolled Mr. Pitt, and said every Englishman should wear him in his heart.



Jan. 4-9.—Every morning has brought me a regular invitation from the reigning Duchess to dine and sup at Court, except when she knew I was engaged to the Hereditary Princess or the Dowager. She has behaved to me with real affection, and once said to me with the utmost kindness, ‘I think you will love me at last.’ Indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I did not. The ceremonial of the dinner at Court on the ordinary days is as follows :—You go about three, drest as you like, except that you must not appear in a hat, bonnet, shawl, or muff. You find the Duchess standing at the door of an inner apartment, her maids of honour being in the next. The whole company stand till dinner time (the Duke and Duchess never sit except when their company can do so too). The chamberlain announces to the Duchess that it is on the table, and hands her out. She makes a low curtsy to the Duke and the company. The ladies follow, also curtseying to the Duke, according to their rank, except foreigners, who, even when untitled, take place of all others, going in and out of the rooms, and also at table. At dinner the Duchess sits at the middle of one side and the Duke opposite to her. This situation, as far as I have seen, answers to the head and foot in England. The ladies are all ranked on one side, and

the gentlemen on the other, excepting princes, who are allowed to mix with the ladies. The Prince de Salm generally fell to my lot. He is rather above par in address, appearance, and understanding. At dinner there are every day forty people, and the conversation, of course, is seldom general. Once only it turned on politics. Some of the company expressed their expectations that monarchy would be re-established in France. '*Je le désire,*' said the Duke, '*plus que je ne l'espère.*' He speaks well, in the subdued voice of good sense, and has a stoop which takes nothing away from the dignity of his appearance. I have never seen him converse with a woman. There is an apparent coldness in his manner to the Duchess, and in hers to him a degree of constraint which it is evident she tries to conceal. (Her rival, a woman of birth and fashion, is lodged in the palace, and he dines with her on a fixed day in every week). Some time after dinner the company all remove to the drawing-room, where tea and coffee occupy a few minutes; no one sits down. The Duchess takes leave of her company about half-past five; the ladies curtsey to the Duke, and return home, even though they may be engaged for the evening party which begins at a little after six. The Duchess one evening invited me to retire with

her at this time to her private apartment, which is a particular favour. She spoke with great gratitude of the affection the English had shown to her daughter, and with great delicacy of the Prince of Wales, yet in a manner which showed she felt his conduct. I dined twice with the Hereditary Prince. There the dinners are more cheerful, about ten people at a round table, and men and women are intermixed. *On n'y fait pas trop bonne chère*, but that is to me of no consequence whatever. The Duchess Dowager's dinners are more in the style of her son's; she has near thirty people every day, so that the three Courts, except when the family happen to dine together, entertain daily near eighty persons. This dear little old woman is just like a mummy; she is mere skin and bone in the highest preserve. On the 9th I had a private audience to take leave, and she gave me a letter of recommendation, with some very kind expressions. She has the talent of accommodating her conversation to the age, situation, and country of those she speaks to in a high degree. Indeed, her address is pre-eminently good. I supped with the reigning Duchess the last evening. She kissed me with the utmost sensibility at parting, and the whole family took leave of me as if I were an old friend. The Princess

Abbess is *most* caressing. She is easy, lively, and clever; but I hear she is very false, extremely gallant, and that she entirely governs the Duke, which I should think difficult.*

Jan. 10.—Left Brunswick for Berlin, 127 English miles. Just before I set out, the dear Duchess sent me a letter of introduction to Prince Augustus at Berlin. Travelled twenty-five miles through an unvaried expanse of snow, bounded at a great distance by a few rows of trees, which looked like dark lines across the horizon. It appeared as if one was in the midst of

* We now know pretty intimately the whole Court of Brunswick, as Lord Malmesbury found it on occasion of his mission to seek there a wife for the Prince of Wales, some five years before the above was written.—(See his *Diaries and Correspondence*, vol. iii.) I have been interested to observe the almost exact coincidence of his judgment in respect of all the persons who composed that Court with what is written here. It is true that, having actually to transact important business with the Duke, he saw the real weakness and vacillation of his character, as a woman with no such opportunities was not likely to do. But of the Duchess Dowager he writes, ‘Nothing can be so open, so frank, and so unreserved as her manner; nor so perfectly good-natured and unaffected’ (vol. iii. p. 155). In another place, ‘The Hereditary Prince and Princess vastly friendly; she a most admirable character, all sense and judgment; he little of either, but very harmless and good-natured’ (p. 188). The Princess Augusta, Abbess of Ganderscleim, he describes as ‘clever in the Beatrix way’ (p. 159), ‘clever, artful, and rather *coming*’ (p. 165).—ED.

a wide sea of snow. Slept at Helmstedt, still in the Duke of Brunswick's dominions. It is said to be one of the oldest towns in Germany; and I saw nothing in its appearance to contradict the assertion. After a journey in England, where all is busy, and populous, and animated, one through this country conveys a strange idea of privation and non-existence.

Jan. 14.—The gradual improvement of the country from the moment you enter the King of Prussia's territories is visible to the most careless observer. Roads, plantations, neat cottages, pleasant country seats, well-built towns and good inns, take place of the appearance of poverty and depopulation so strongly marked in that part of Germany I have hitherto seen.

Jan. 15.—A dull road to Berlin, where I arrived early, and was settled immediately in the Prussian Hotel. The superiority in cleanliness and accommodation of the Prussian to the German inns is very great.

Jan. 16.—Sent to Prince Augustus a letter of introduction given to me by the Duchess of Brunswick, received a very civil answer, offering to arrange my presentation at Court, and regretting that his illness did

not allow him to visit me. It is said he is perfectly well, but confines himself to avoid meeting the French Ambassador.

Jan. 18.—Saw Mr. Garlike and Dr. Brown, the only English gentlemen to whom I had brought letters. Received from them every offer of assistance and civility. Mr. Garlike is Secretary of Legation, Dr. Brown physician to the King.

Jan. 21.—Was persuaded by Mr. Garlike to go to an Italian opera in order to see the Queen. It was the first of the eight given by the King to the public at the time of the Carnival. The house is fine, and properly lighted ; the royal box is in front, very wide, and reaches from the ceiling to the pit. It is also more lighted than the other boxes, which, added to its size and situation, enables every individual in the house to have a perfect view of the royal family. To this box are admitted no women except those of royal blood and their *grandes maîtresses*. But, beside the King and Princes, it is open to many officers of the Court, all strangers, and the foreign Ministers. The King is a well-looking man, the Queen extremely beautiful. She is tall, finely-formed, her neck and

shoulders particularly well-shaped, her hair light, and her features small and agreeable. The prominent traits of her character, as I am told, are the most entire complaisance to every wish of the King, and the most excessive passion for dress and for dancing, particularly the waltz. She did not converse, but read the opera book all the evening. She was dressed in a purple satin round gown, drawn in the front like an old-fashioned chemise, with a flat back and long sleeves ; nothing on her head but two or three bandeaus, and her hair lightly powdered.

Monsieur de Burrau, Minister from I forget what Court, accompanied me. I was engaged to go with his wife, but her illness prevented it. Two other ladies made acquaintance with me. The one was Madame de Grotthaus, a prettyish, talkative, silly woman, who addressed me in good English, and whose obligingness was as prompt as the confidence she chose to place in me ; for in about five minutes she offered me, with many compliments, letters of recommendation to Vienna, and told me her particular fondness for the English arose in part from her having had ‘an inclination’ for a young man of that nation : ‘*J’étais tout prêt à l’épouser ; il était fort aimable, très lié avec le Prince de Galles, très riche ; il a une belle terre près*

de Londres, son nom commence par un G—; mais enfin j'ai épousé un autre, ce militaire que vous voyez là, bon homme, tout-à-fait aimable, qui fait tout ce que je veux.'

Jan. 22.—Just as I was going to dinner, Madame de Haugwitz, the wife of the chief Minister, who introduced herself to me last night by an encomium on my dress, sent her tailor for the pattern of my gown, begging that this person, whom, in a note he showed me, she calls *mon ami*, would engage me to put it on, that he might see what a good effect it had. I think this intolerably free and easy, considering I am a perfect stranger.

Ten P.M.—I have just had a visit of two hours from Prince Augustus. He is taller and larger than Prince Adolphus, and much resembles the Prince of Wales. His hair is too scientifically and studiously dressed to be very becoming, but on the whole his exterior is to be admired. He appears to have a fund of conversation, and great fluency. His vanity is so undisguised that it wears the form of frankness, and therefore gives no disgust. I mentioned to him that I had heard of his excellence in singing, and he agreed that he possessed it without the least hesitation, adding, 'I

had the most wonderful voice that was ever heard—three octaves—and I do understand music. I practised eight hours a day in Italy. One may boast of a voice, as it is a gift of nature.’ Yet his vanity is so blended with civility and a desire to please, that I defy any person with a good heart to dislike it.

Mad. de Ritz, mistress to the late King, amassed a fortune of about eighty thousand louis. She was a woman of very mean birth; but induced the King, about a year before his death, to ennoble her, and then appeared at Court, which gave great offence. The King had not been dead a quarter of an hour, when she was arrested, hurried to a fortress, there to be confined for life, and all her fortune, except an allowance of four thousand crowns a-year, confiscated and given to the poor. All this *without a trial*! I listened, and blessed dear England.

The Lutheran religion, which is that professed here, allows a man to marry two or more sisters in succession; and of this permission people often avail themselves, as well as of obtaining a divorce, if either party complain of *incompatibility* of temper, a most convenient and sweeping cause of separation. At this moment a pair, in the very first circle, are on the point of obtaining a divorce, to enable the lady to marry

a young officer, and the gentleman his wife's younger sister. A woman may retain an unimpeached character after an unlimited number of these separations. Yet the King and Queen give the best example possible.

The King of Prussia is supposed to be remarkably economical. When he came to the throne in 1797, there was not a guinea in the treasury, and it is now supposed that in five years it will be as full as at the death of the Great Frederic. In a few years more, according to a calculation made, it will absorb all the current coin of the country.

Feb. 18, Dresden.—The fatigues of my journey, added to a violent cold, have left a wide chasm in my diary. Left Berlin for this the 23rd of last month. The hardships and dangers of this journey were various. I one night ran a great risk of being lost in the snow, the postillions having missed the track in an extensive forest of fir trees. I was forced to keep Fitz from falling asleep from the effects of intense cold, which I knew to be certain death, by giving him repeated glasses of brandy out of the carriage window. A distant light at last directed us to a cottage, where we obtained a guide. I slept in the most wretched

hovels, once was without a bed, and two days without any food but eggs and coffee. At one of the post houses the master thought it his duty to keep me company while my servants supped. He was a young man, above six feet high, covered with furs, *l'air fier et même un peu farouche*, with something terrific in his whole appearance. He seated himself opposite to me, smoked his pipe, laid his great paws on my work, and began a conversation. I tried to hide a vague sort of fear under the appearance of *insouciance* and civility, but at last took courage to say I was sleepy, and would wish him good night.

Mr. Elliot,* our Minister at Dresden, is a very pleasing man, about forty; his style of conversation and tone of voice are highly captivating. He has a large family of little cherubs, and a charming daughter who marries Mr. Paine this week.

March 10.—The society here possesses many very charming individuals, but is not what the French call *montée sur un ton agréable*, a phrase as easy to comprehend as difficult to translate. I think I *see*, and

* The Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, brother to the first Lord Minto. A few years later he proceeded to India as Governor of Madras, and died in London about the year 1822.—ED.

am sure I *feel*, a certain constraint, which destroys all enjoyment. I have scarcely ever been less at my ease than in the company I have frequented since my arrival. Yet I have not wanted that encouragement which is usually all that is necessary to inspire confidence. Mr. Elliot in general makes me a daily visit, and when he omits it, apologises as for a breach of duty. I have constant invitations to his house, where I always find a small party and a little sociable supper. Madame de Münster, my most intimate female acquaintance, forgets nothing which can contribute to my amusement. I have gone with her to morning exhibitions and evening assemblies. Among the latter, that of Madame de Loss, wife to the first Minister, was most brilliant—as much so as any I have seen in London. A numerous suite of rooms, furnished with taste ; a very large society, dressed with more magnificence, though not with as much elegance, as in England ; and a hostess whose address and appearance would dignify any situation. She is near sixty, but still a very fine woman, her looks English, her manners French. I saw a good collection of pictures at the Comte de Hagendorn's, where I breakfasted. A St. Sebastian, by Raphael, was the most remarkable piece. I did not think a martyrdom

could be so pleasing. I forgot the arrow in his breast because he seemed to have done so himself; and, like him, I was too much absorbed in the thought of his approaching beatitude not to be insensible to the idea of mere bodily pain. It is a wonderfully fine picture. At the first glance you approve, after a moment's examination you admire, and from admiration you pass to that state in which the whole soul is concentrated in the eyes; you cease to approve or admire, you only *feel*, and, having totally forgot the artist, identify yourself with the object he has created.

Yesterday I was presented at Court. Here it is an evening assembly without any form. The Electress has the greatest good humour, ease, and condescension in her manner. The Elector has something fixed, glassy, and embarrassing in his eyes. Their only child is a fine young woman, about seventeen. The whole family, I need not say, receive strangers with the utmost politeness, for this seems to me so universal in Germany, it ceases to be the object of a remark. The Elector is said to be a good and a religious man. Even those who seem to dislike him do not contest this point. The Electress said she now gave no balls, because the Elector disapproves of such pleasures while Europe was in its present unhappy state.

The Court never mix in society. When the Elector's uncle was at Dresden, dying, for several months, none of his family visited him, as he was not within the walls of the palace, and it would have been a breach of etiquette. At Mad. de Loss's, Alexis Orloff was presented to me, and I was introduced to his daughter. He does not look like the frontispiece to his History. His figure is colossal and massy, but his air is not savage, and his countenance is rather mild than otherwise. The recollection of the atrocities that he had committed embarrassed me so, that I retain no very distinct idea of his person and address.* He does not speak French, but we conversed a little in Italian. His daughter has a pleasing address. She is pale, sallow, and delicate in her appearance, with a gentle, modest demeanour, and fine expressive dark eyes. She wore no ornaments except rows of the finest

* He and his two brothers, as is well known, strangled with their own hands Peter III., the husband of Catherine, and laid thus the foundations of their fortunes. But his name is branded with a crime of yet deeper dye, and of an almost incredible baseness. A young daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was living in extreme poverty and obscurity in Italy, whom Catherine, jealous of a possible pretender to the throne, desired to get within her power. Alexis Orloff found her out at Rome, married her, lured her away from her safe refuge in Italy, and delivered her to Catherine. She died in a Russian dungeon.—Ed.



pearls. Orloff adores her, and declares she shall marry whomsoever she pleases. She conversed in very good French, and speaks English wonderfully well in proportion to the time she has learned it. Her father wears the picture of Catherine the Second covered, instead of crystal, with a single diamond.

March 12.—Dresden is filled with foreigners from all parts, chiefly Poles and Russians. Of the latter Mr. Elliot told me two horrid anecdotes. He was invited to dine with a Russian major; and one of his servants, a recruit who had been thought too sickly to serve in the army, laid the cloth rather awkwardly. His master beat him furiously, first with a stick, next with an iron bar. ‘Good heavens,’ cried Mr. Elliot, ‘you will kill the man.’ ‘Why,’ replied the Major, ‘it is very hard that I have killed seven or eight, and never been able to make a good servant yet.’ At another time Mr. Elliot dined with a gentleman who talked of the aversion the Cossacks had to the Jews. ‘Now, I dare say,’ cried he, ‘this little fellow behind me,’ turning to a Cossack of about thirteen, ‘has dispatched them by the score. Come, tell me how many did you ever kill at once.’ ‘The most I ever killed at once was eleven,’ answered the

young savage, with a grin. ‘Impossible!’ said Mr. Elliot, ‘that boy could have killed eleven men!’ ‘Oh yes,’ answered he, ‘for my father bound their hands, and I stabbed them.’

March 14.—The Princess Fürstenberg and Mad. Münster increase their attentions daily. I have been confined by a cold in consequence of a round of visits paid to the wives of the different Ministers previous to being presented. I did not expect to be admitted, and was not prepared in my dress for going up and down immense flights of stone stairs in frost and snow. My indisposition has given these amiable women an opportunity of showing an unceasing kindness (I wish, however, it did not display itself so much in writing notes). The Princess heard me wish one evening for the translation of a German poem, and sat up till three o’clock next morning to accomplish it, that I might receive it the moment I woke.

March 16.—Last night I was invited to a supper at the Prussian Minister’s. The company were chiefly Russians; five English were asked, and Lavalette, the French Envoy, and his wife, were also of the party. It has caused great sensation here, as it is said that it

was highly improper for a person in that line to invite either Russians or English to meet Lavalette. I did not go, but I have seen him and his wife at a public ball. He is unpowdered, mean, squat, and dirty. She is prettyish, and very becomingly drest, but without much attention to decency. Her arm is quite bare, from the bottom of her sleeve, about an inch below her shoulder, to the top of her glove, about an inch above her elbow.

March 20, Prague.—Left Dresden for Vienna, and slept last night here. Prague, as you approach it, has an appearance of grandeur. It is, however, though spacious, a dirty, ill-built town, with very high houses, and very narrow streets. I was so fatigued, I remained to-day at the inn (*Roths Haus*) where Suwarrow lived three months of the last year. He rose every day at two hours after midnight, dined at eight, and went to bed at three. ‘He is a great bigot and great hog,’ the waiter told me, of whom I asked two or three questions about him, but was soon obliged to desist.

March 22.—Dined and slept at Iglaw, a neat-looking town. How much exaggerated is the account I

have heard of the discomforts of a German journey. The post-boys are civil, and not in the least importunate. They seldom ask for more than they receive ; a simple denial silences them, and what we call in England grumbling, I have never heard in this country. Even the beggars (and in Bohemia they abound) ask with mildness, and desist at the first refusal.

March 26, Vienna.—Arrived here two days ago, after making in six days a journey usually very much dreaded, without a single inconvenience or the smallest fatigue. I travelled about fifty miles daily, after leaving Prague. Vienna, I fancy, cannot be a healthy residence ; the houses are so high, the streets so narrow, and the population so disproportioned to the size of the town. One can walk round the walls in an hour ; yet it contains 53,000 inhabitants. The best shops are far inferior to those even in the obscure parts of the city in London. Saw the Comtesse de Wayna, who returned my visit in less than an hour. She is very polite, *empressée*, and conversible ; a very handsome woman, and still young.

March 28.—It grieves me to find travelling contribute so little to the improvement of my mind. A

variety of causes operates to prevent the possibility of a woman reaping *much* benefit from a journey through Germany, unless she totally gives up the world. A certain enlargement of ideas must imperceptibly follow, and she corrects some erroneous notions ; but she finds infinite difficulty in making any new acquirements. The multiplicity of visits, not confined to leaving a card, as in London, but real substantial, bodily visits, and the impossibility, without overstepping all the bounds of custom, of associating with any but *noblesse*, may be reckoned among the greatest obstacles. To make travelling subservient to improvement, it must be undertaken on a different plan from my present journey. I believe there is no undertaking whatever, in which the first attempt is not condemned to many gross and obvious imperfections. No foresight, no reflection, no sagacity, and, I had almost said, no advice, can supply the want of experience, even in situations where it appears least necessary. It is a melancholy consideration that we only know how to live, when the chief pleasures of life, those attendant on youth and youthful spirits, are vanished for ever.

Last night I went to an assembly at Lord Minto's ; the only difference between this meeting, and one of

the same kind in London, was that here I saw infinitely less beauty, particularly among the men, less elegance of dress, and less of those abstractions of different pairs from the rest of the society, which I must call 'flirtation,' spite of the vulgarity of the term. Steibelt* played exquisitely on the pianoforte. So interesting a performer I never heard. After he had executed a delightful *capriccio*, he gave some jigs, in which his wife accompanied him on the tambourine; and these miserable trifles, in which he was quite subservient to her playing, and sacrificed himself to cover her little inaccuracies in point of time, were more admired than his scientific delightful compositions. Accompanying a fine pianoforte player on the tambourine is like daubing rouge over a Madonna by Raphael; but it shows a pretty woman to advantage, and suits the frivolous false taste of the age.

The coarseness of the German language, and the patchwork made use of to conceal its poverty in some instances, displease me. Its beauties are said to be considerable. More study will lead me to a knowledge of it, but a little suffices to enable one to discover faults.

* Born 1756, died 1823. The *Conversations-Lexicon* says, 'Sein Clavierspiel war glänzend; auch improvisirte er glücklich.'

March 29.—I walked and drove in the Prater, that great boast of the Germans, who think those who have not seen it, have seen nothing. As far as I went to-day, I was on a straight wide road, shaded with trees, that led through an extensive plain, moderately wooded, and perfectly flat. In summer it must be very pleasant, but a complete flat excludes in my mind all ideas of pre-eminent beauty. I could as soon think in the living countenance that fine colours or features could be beautiful without expression, as that any verdure, any trees, or any river could make amends for the want of inequality of ground.

April 13.—Before I had been a week here, I had so many engagements I was only embarrassed in the choice of them. The pleasantest hours I have spent were at Lord Minto's, Prince Schwarzenberg's, and the Hanoverian Minister's. There I sat by the famous General Bellegarde, to whom it is said the Archduke Charles is chiefly indebted for his most brilliant successes.* He is highly agreeable in conversation,

* This is certainly a mistake. Field-Marshal Bellegarde was a very distinguished officer, who, whether serving under the Archduke Charles, as at Aspern, or holding independent military commands, which he often did, always acquitted himself excellently well; but there are not, I believe, the slightest grounds for the suggestion in the text.—Ed.

polite, lively, pleasing, the best *ton* possible, and the most rational way of thinking. They say he is the person most in the confidence of Thugut, the Minister. He is about fifty, and his appearance gives a favourable impression of him. Lord Minto is very pleasing, when he *does* converse ; but like a ghost, will rarely speak till spoken to, unless to his most intimate friends. He is criticised here for not representing with sufficient dignity, and for confining himself to a small circle, composed chiefly of Poles and French. He is extremely absent. The Empress gives him audiences, and he forgets the day. He accepts invitations to formal dinners, invites company for the same day, and thinks no more of his engagement. A person here painted very happily in one sentence his absence, and his want of those manners in his own house which ought to distinguish him as the master of it, by saying, “ *Il se fera présenter, quelque jour, chez lui.*” On the whole, he is censured for his conduct in trifles ; and of his political career I have heard no opinion, for politics are a subject scrupulously avoided. This is commanded by the laws, and they seem in this point exactly obeyed. Deep regrets for the loss of Joseph the Second are all that ever escapes, which has the most remote tendency that way. Yet many here think that

he did much harm as well as good ; that his spirit of improvement led him to risk too hasty innovations, and that he was so ardent in his desire *de faire le bien*, he did not give himself leisure *de le bien faire*. I have met likewise with a very amiable woman to whom the Countess Münster recommended me. She is a *Berlinoise*, and the widow of Prince Reuss, but is received in very few of the first circles here, on account of her birth, her father having been a merchant. She was originally a Jewess. I went to Mad. Arnstein's with her, which I fear was a breach of etiquette, Mad. Arnstein being a banker's wife, and of the second class of *noblesse*. However, I found there a pleasant society, and an easier *ton* than in most houses at Vienna. She keeps open house every evening to a few women, and all the best company in Vienna as to men. She is a pretty woman with an excellent address. I supped once at the Prince de Ligne's, whom I was prepared to fear and admire as a most *aimable roué, plein d'esprit, et de talens*. I have yet seen in him no resemblance to any part of this picture. In general, conversation at Vienna seems to me but meagre ; little events are magnified, as in a small town ; politics never, and literature very seldom, mentioned.

April 14.—The Ridotto, a very large fine room, well lighted, most people in their usual dresses—no brilliancy of dress, or whimsicality, or variety of character. Those who masque, merely disguise themselves, without assuming any particular costume.

April 17.—Breakfasted at Lady Taaffe's, to see the Emperor pass by to St. Stephen's, in honour of the citizens of Vienna, who, on the anniversary of this day four years ago, rose *en masse*, and took arms to oppose Buonaparte. The occasion of the fête made it interesting; dazzling it was not, for the Emperor, who is averse to all unnecessary parade, was in a plain coach, without guards or any outward sign of royalty. All the citizens who took arms, marched in a body, with their officers at their head, and military music. The spectators made a most pleasing part of the spectacle; not a beggar, or ragged or dirty person to be seen. All were well clothed, and had the appearance of enjoying habitually the comforts of life. The Emperor is easy of access, and two days in the week may be approached by the meanest of his subjects. He is averse to all pomp, lives in his own family, and is attached to his own wife, which in Germany is a singular thing, as a mistress is almost considered here

as a necessary part of the establishment of a married man. He appears at the Prater in the plainest carriage, driving the Empress, who scarcely ever leaves him. She is not beautiful, but possesses, I am told, a thousand graces; is highly accomplished; mistress both of the theory and practice of music, and an excellent mineralogist. I dined to-day at Prince Esterhazy's, one of the greatest among the Hungarian noblemen. He has a million florins a-year, but is greatly in debt. He was not at home, but the Princess is a charming, unaffected, pretty woman about thirty.

April 20.—Dined at Prince Colloredo's. His wife, though very civil, could not conceal her joy that I was soon to go to England, because I was to be succeeded by a gold muslin, which I have promised to buy for her. The abundance of pearls and diamonds worn here is absolutely dazzling. I am told they are all entailed.

May 2.—I have dined three days this week at the houses of the Ministers. This is no compliment, being a matter of course. There are about forty persons present at these entertainments. The dinners

do not appear superlatively good, and would not, I believe, content an English epicure. They all begin at three, end before five; coffee and cards succeed; one retires about six, and, if one chooses, returns at nine to an assembly in the same house.—Among the modes here, I chiefly dislike the use of running footmen. It is so cruel, and so unnecessary. These unhappy people always precede the carriage of their masters in town, and sometimes even to the suburbs. They seldom live above three or four years, and generally die of consumption. Fatigue and disease are painted in their pallid and drawn features; but, like victims, they are crowned with flowers, and adorned with tinsel.

May 7.—Was presented by the Baroness de la Vallaise to the Emperor and Empress. He receives quite alone, she with two ladies of honour; so in fact you merely pay them a morning visit. He has a mild countenance; she has as much gentleness in her expression, with more animation. Both are extremely gracious, and it appears nature, and not art. They place themselves on a level with you, and do not remind you that they descend. She is not handsome, but very pleasing. She was well dressed, in white

silk ; in her hair, which seems very fine and was dressed with powder, she wore a row of emeralds, each set flat, and surrounded with diamonds. A trimming on the front of her gown, and her necklace and ear-rings, were all of the same kind.

May 11.—Supped with Mad. Divoff. Madame de Kalitschoff, the Russian Embassadress, a lively pretty woman, was so impatient for the pattern of my combs, that she pulled them out of my head, without the least reluctance to discompose my toilette, and put them into her own.

May 12.—Saw the Hungarian Guard in gala, a most beautiful sight. Seventy-two young men, the flower of the Hungarian nobility, magnificently and tastefully dressed, mounted on white horses, finely shaped and full of spirit. The costume is rich, yet so well fancied that it adds to personal dignity, which most splendid dresses diminish. It is composed of a scarlet vest and trousers, made to the shape, with green belt, scarf, and yellow half-boots, all richly trimmed and embroidered with silver. A tiger's skin is fancifully disposed on the back, and covers half of the left arm. A very lofty fur cap, ornamented with

green and silver, is completed with a heron's feather. Upon the whole it is rich, yet not heavy; splendid, yet not gaudy; and while every part is ornamental, none seems to impede the exertion of strength or activity.

May 16. — Found the Princess Rosamoffska at home in a delicious country-house, or, as they call it here, garden — very like Richmond. I find her extremely pleasing. She is one of the daughters of Madame de Thune, the Madame de Sévigné of Vienna. Her husband was a *ci-devant* Russian Minister, and I see she has a large share of the general antipathy to the Emperor. She asked me if I had seen two excellent caricatures of him. In the first he writes with one hand *Ordre*, with the other *Contre-ordre*, while on his forehead is written *Désordre*. In the second, Peter the Great is represented with a torch he appears to have just lighted; Catherine the Second has a pair of snuffers to make it burn still brighter, and poor Paul an extinguisher. I left Madame Rosamoffska much pleased with her conversation, and the *prévenante* vivacity of her manners.

May 28.—Dined with the Count de la Gardie, Swedish Minister. The Hanoverian and Prussian Ministers were of the party. The gentlemen, according to the Swedish custom, were called into the ante-room a moment before dinner to drink brandy and eat bread-and-butter. At dinner, the conversation turned on Italy. Count Divoff, a Russian, said, “*L’été prochain j’irai en Italie ; alors les rois seront tous sur leurs trônes, et l’ordre rétabli.*” Count Keller, the Prussian Minister, said with an air of *persiflage*—at least, I thought it such—“*Il est vrai que c’est un espoir auquel il ne faut pas renoncer.*” One assigned cause for Sir Charles Whitworth’s disgrace with the Court of Russia is curious. The Emperor had given orders no empty carriage should pass a certain part of the palace. Sir Charles, ignorant of this, had left his coach to speak with a workman, and desired it might drive on and meet him at a distance. The sentinel stopped the carriage; the servants insisted on driving on; a scuffle ensued. The Emperor, ever on the watch about trifles, inquired into the cause of the dispute, and, on learning it, ordered the servants to be beat, the horses to be beat, and the coach to be beat (Xerxes lashing the sea!). Sir Charles Whitworth, by way of washing off

this stain, ordered his servants to be discharged, his horses to be shot, his carriage, after being broken into a thousand pieces, to be thrown into the river. The Emperor, indignant at this mark of offended pride, insisted on his recall.

June 4.—At Count Keller's, the Prussian Minister's, heard Marchetti, the first woman singer at Berlin. She has a very powerful expression, too powerful, perhaps, except for the stage, and a very brilliant execution, too much ornamented, perhaps, for the generality of her hearers. Her voice has, upon the whole, more strength than sweetness, though it is said some of her low tones resemble Marchesi. Supped with the Princesse de Lorraine, once the most beautiful woman of her time. She retained, though past sixty, very splendid remains, and has an uncommon share of grace and dignity. From the pension of 12,000 florins allowed her by the Emperor, she supports several of her friends, relations, and even acquaintances.

June 6.—I passed this morning with Mad. de la Gardie, wife to the Swedish Minister. She is very kind to me, and I have at her house that easy ingress and egress which I prefer to formal invitations. We

went together to see Füger's paintings.* He is a fine artist, and a sincere enthusiast. I believe he ranks very high in the first class of historical painters. His 'Death of Virginia' is a beautiful performance. Her father has just stabbed her; Appius, who is elevated on the tribune from which he had given sentence, remains petrified in the posture into which he had thrown himself from the involuntary motion by which we mechanically attempt to save an object in danger, even when we know and feel our help comes too late. The expression, *ordonnance*, and colouring of this picture are all charming. I also saw his drawings from Klopstock's *Messiah*—wild, fanciful, expressive. The dream of Judas, suggested by Satan, who appears with his hand on the culprit's heart, while his guardian angel mournfully retires, particularly struck me; as did the restoration of one of the fallen angels, who has repented, is forgiven, and recovers his pristine dignity and beauty. Füger is a tall, well looking man, about forty, his countenance is placid, his

* Füger was born in 1751, and died at Vienna in 1818. German critics in art speak very highly of his genius, especially as manifested in the design and composition of his pictures. His illustrations of Klopstock's *Messiah*, spoken of in the text, are always considered his greatest work.—
ED.

eye is open, clear, and *attractive*—I mean, invites you to look into it, and to repose your soul on his. I have seen this in but few eyes, and they generally belonged to persons who combined genius with simplicity. After he had explained to me the subjects of his drawings from Klopstock, and regretted I could not understand him in German, he took down an Italian translation, and began to read it to me. Mad. de la Gardie became impatient to go ; however he went on. At last she tore me away ; but not till Fügler put the book into my hand, exclaiming, ‘ *Lisez, lisez ; cela vous tournera la tête, et vous échauffera le sang.* ’—It is said Cesario, the resident *Chargé d’Affaires* here from Berlin, has orders from Haugwitz to carry on a negotiation with Thugut without the participation of Keller. Cesario had borrowed from the latter some maps ; in returning which he sent him by mistake a letter from Thugut, that discovered their secret intercourse. Keller, enraged, wrote a remonstrance to Haugwitz, which, it is also said, has procured his recal. This story is denied by La Gardie, the friend of Keller, who affirms that Cesario, a confirmed Jacobin, attempted to intrigue, without being authorized by his Court, and is to be himself recalled. Keller, La Gardie, and La Vallaise live much together ; Lord Minto extremely

apart from all the Foreign Ministers. Query, if this is good policy in his Lordship?

June 12.—I forgot to mention having dined in the course of last month with Count Cobenzl, who desired me to make my own party, and devoted a day to showing me his delightful grounds. He is a farmer as well as an embellisher of nature, and has such a cowhouse, &c., as I have never seen in any country. I also dined last month at Dornbach, and saw the villa of Maréchal Lacy, where nature has performed her part in the most exquisite manner, but where art has been impertinently busy. Great are the beauties of both these places. Count Cobenzl's, however, displays a purity of taste which is not to be found at the Maréchal's. — Saw this day from the windows of Baroness Spielman, the public adoration of the Host by the Emperor and Empress. The procession which appears in honour of this day, the *Fête Dieu*, is the most splendid and brilliant Vienna ever displays. The Emperor and Empress, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Palatine, ladies of the Court in gala dresses, friars of the different Orders, children maintained by charitable institutions, vicars of all the churches with painted banners, German and Hungarian Guards, officers of

those regiments who rose *en masse* to oppose the French, &c. &c., all proceed to church. The Emperor, Empress, &c., go in state coaches, but return on foot, preceded by the Host, to which they kneel for some minutes in different streets. He was dressed in uniform, with the Order of Maria Theresa, she in a silver muslin gown, her hair dressed somewhat *à l'antique*, powdered and ornamented with roses and festoons of pearls. The ceremony would, in my opinion, have been much more impressive with a mixture of martial and religious music.

June 15-17.—Three days at Baden, a small town two posts from Vienna, celebrated for its warm sulphureous baths. They appear convenient and well attended. In the largest, men and women of the best society bathe together, and appear very much to enjoy the amusement. The gentlemen are in shirts and trousers; the ladies in their usual white morning dresses, and on their heads caps, handkerchiefs, laces, and ribbon, fancifully and becomingly disposed. It is the triumph of real beauty and freshness, as no rouge can be worn or paint of any kind. The bath opens a vast field for coquetry. A becoming dishabille, graceful attitudes, timidity, languor, and an affectionate con-

fidence in your conductor, may here all be displayed to advantage. The lover leads his mistress, and has perhaps a secret satisfaction in finding himself with her in a new element; for Mad. de Genlis observes, I think with truth, that to those who really love every new situation in company with the beloved has a certain charm. Many of those who have no lovers obtain, however, half a conductor, as every man who is not devoted generally gives each arm to a different lady. The old, the plain, and the neglected sit round on benches, as it is dangerous for women to walk about in the bath without a guide. Spectators are admitted, who view the scene from a little gallery. To them the heat and sulphureous smell is very unpleasant. The situation of this village is agreeable, among hills, which, though minute, are of a romantic character. An *écluse*, in a very wild spot, at about ten minutes' distance, has been made to receive the wood which has floated on the river from the mountains. It mingles ideas of industry and ingenuity with those of peace and retirement, a contrast that always pleases.

June 19.—Dined yesterday at Prince Staremberg's, where I saw Count —, just returned from Russia, who told a thousand strange stories of the Emperor's

frivolity, punctilio, and pride. He now fears he shall see the ghost of Catherine (a sublime apparition !); and one night under the influence of this apprehension leaped out of bed, and threw down the chairs and tables in his haste to take shelter in the chimney. The Empress, who slept near his room, terrified at the noise, arose, and not finding the Emperor, called his attendants. They examined the apartments, and discovered the place of his retreat. He was so ashamed of the ridicule he felt conscious of having incurred, that he put the Empress under arrest, with strict orders never to come uncalled into his chamber. I mentioned the conversation of yesterday at the Count de la Gardie's, where I dined to-day. '*Ce Monsieur,*' said he, '*fera fortune à Vienne, où c'est la mode de médire de l'Empereur de Russie.*'

June 27.—Dined at Maréchal Lacy's—a large party—his invitation was in the spirit of ancient chivalry, begging '*l'honneur de me servir à diner.*' This delightful old man does the honours of his house perfectly. He seemed quite grieved at parting from me, and pressed my hand most affectionately as he put me into the carriage.

June 30.—Went to a concert at Dr. Franc's. He is a physician, who is supposed to have great skill in his profession. His son's wife sings remarkably well, and with some other amateurs performed the opera of *The Horatii and Curiatii*—the words Metastasio's, the music Cimarosa's—the former very poetical and affecting, the latter brilliant, pathetic, and expressive. I find the *noblesse* can sometimes wave etiquette, and sacrifice their dignity to their amusement, for the auditors were chiefly of the first class.

July 3-7.—Dined one day at Prince Staremborg's, whose garden is much admired here, and would be thought very tasteless in England. He is, I see, delighted with a little muddy rivulet, flowing a very short, but serpentine way through two heaps of stones piled on each side, and ending to the left in a small pool, with an island in it, about the size and shape of a plate, and to the right in a cascade that falls about ten feet down five or six regular steps. '*Cela va toujours,*' said he triumphantly, '*et cela m'a coûté trente mille florins.*' I dined also again with the Arnsteins, who I see hate the Austrian government. She is a Prussian, and, according to the late cant phrase, 'that accounts for it.'

July 10.—The nobility here do not disdain any branch of commerce or mercantile speculation, not even usury. Prince Staremborg, Maréchal Kinski, and the Prince de ——* are the chief usurers. The Duchess de Giovane was employed by the Queen of Naples to negotiate a loan of four millions, and had recourse to the latter, who modestly asked twenty per cent. interest, saying to her, ‘*Madame, quant à l’argent, je vous déclare je ne suis pas délicat ; je suis tout à fait marchand. Je suis accoutumé à prêter mon argent à 20 pour 100, et je ne puis le faire à moins.*’ The great people here also make a practice of selling wine in as small a quantity as five bottles, or a florin’s worth, at a time. Prince Staremborg will even consent to sell a single tree out of his favourite garden, if any one offers a sufficient price for it.

July 14.—Was presented at Duke Albert’s, where I thought myself in England ; his looks and manners so much resemble those of an Englishman of high fashion. He is son to the late King of Poland. Mad. de Menée, a lady who is not related to him, but was *grande maîtresse* to his late wife, lives in his

* The name is illegible in the MS. — Ed.

house, and presides at his parties. This is not thought singular here. At the Duke's, which appears incontestably the pleasantest house at Vienna, saw the Duchess of Riario, his niece—a fine woman, between twenty and thirty, extremely advantageously dressed, with a tolerably handsome face, and great ease, nay, even confidence of manner.

July 18.—Dined at La Gardie's—read *Les Mères Rivales* aloud, while she made a *couvre-pied* for her approaching confinement; her mother worked a cap for the babe, and he sat down to his netting; it was a black shawl for his wife. A fine tall man, a soldier, too, with a very martial appearance, netting a shawl for his wife, amused me. I leave Vienna to-morrow.

Desultory Remarks.—Upon the whole, Vienna is no place of gay dissipation, except in the Carnival. The spectacles are but indifferent, the assemblies but little frequented, there are few concerts and no balls. Married women, or if one happens to be *chanoinesse*, which confers the same privileges, go about to all places without a companion of their own sex; and those who are of notorious bad character are received in all societies with as much *empressement* as those of

the very best conduct. The few really virtuous women do not make a class apart, but associate indiscriminately, and even form friendships, with those who are most notoriously otherwise. Scandal is a vice totally unknown ; its most general object among women is here not disgraceful, so hardly ever made a topic, and, when mentioned, spoken of without censure or enlargement. The best feature in the character of the society at Vienna is a universal appearance of good nature. The young Germans do not associate much with women, and as the various subjects of political information which are necessary to an Englishman are merely matters of speculation under a despotic government, one great motive to study which exists among us is here cut off. Classical knowledge is not thought essential to the education of a gentleman ; study, in general, not a favourite pursuit ; and reading scarcely considered as an amusement. Consequently the young Austrians do not excel in the art of conversation, nor do they even possess what we call small talk, from mixing so little with women of fashion. They dance and ride, but I believe the variety of sports and exercises which give a graceful exterior, is quite unknown to them. They have little grace, and scarcely any beauty.

Upon the whole, however, I love the German character. Calmness and mildness are its most prominent features. Cruelty is a vice here totally unknown, with all its attendants, roughness, brutality, oaths, loud speech, &c. As to importunity and servility, they are alike banished from the land. The beggar asks charity without whining or clamour, and if not immediately relieved, desists without reproach. I would advise every one who has irritable nerves to reside in this country. He will see none of those melancholy objects who awake pity, and hear none of those atrocities which excite horror. Safe under the guardianship of a mild but vigilant police, he may travel over unfrequented heaths at all hours of the night, and may lie down and sleep in full security, without even the precaution of locking his door. He may walk about the streets in any costume without being insulted, and he may carry his whole fortune about him without any danger of losing it by the dishonesty of others. *C'est défendu* acts in this country with the force the most violent penal laws do not possess in England. At the play a lady said to me, '*On ne siffle plus au spectacle ; c'est défendu.*' Upon the whole, the facility which strangers who are highly recommended find in establishing themselves in good

society, the variety created by the concourse of people from all parts of the world, the points of national character I have already stated, and the extreme beauty of the country, make Vienna a delightful residence. It is also, when compared to London, extremely cheap. A person may live in the same manner as in London, as nearly as the difference of each town will permit, for about one-third of the expense.

July 20, Prague.—The road from Vienna here is very agreeably diversified with hills, vineyards, hop grounds, and abundance of corn-fields; but, alas! literally the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few. I scarcely saw a peasant, and in one field reckoned thirteen women at work, with only two men.

July 22, Carlsbad.—Two fatiguing days have brought me here. The situation of these baths is charming. A variety of hills, covered to the very top with different species of fir, sweep around and play into one another in every direction. A small river runs at the bottom, and an appearance of dignity, repose, and seclusion is the general expression of the scene.



July 23.—Became acquainted with the Countess Brühl, a woman whose character seems to command universal respect, and whose manners please me extremely. Though I had no recommendation to her, she has offered to introduce me here, and presented me in the same evening to the Princess Radziwill and Duchess of Courland.

August 4, Töplitz.—Two days have brought me here. The situation has not the divine romantic beauty of Carlsbad. I have seen no part of it so agreeable in the *Wiese* where I lodged, and I much regret the change. Went with the Princess Clary to a *thé* given in that part of her garden open to the public by the Princess Dolgorouki, a Russian. The *locale* made it a pleasing fête, but somehow or other I was not amused. In the evening was admitted to the Princess Dolgorouki. As she rose at my entrance I did not perceive her previous situation; and was a little surprised when I saw her throw herself upon a mattress, covered with the same calico as her sofas. There she lay along, drest in a very dirty, huddled dishabille, and wrapt up in a Turkish shawl. The room was small, low, and mean, like most of the lodgings here; but was ornamented with pieces of

chintz, calico, and muslin hung round in festoons ; the like were suspended from the ceiling ; prints, unframed, were hung about in various places ; orange-trees were in the four corners, and the stove was veiled with drapery of various kinds. The lady and the room gave me an idea of Bedlam, yet every one admired, and cried out how enchanting her taste. In Germany be extraordinary, grotesque or absurd in a new way, and you will surely be applauded. Conversed chiefly with a wounded officer, the Prince Tour and Taxis, who gave me a horrid account of the fatigues and sufferings of the Austrian army during the last campaign. He was left ten hours on the field of battle, '*où je serois mort,*' added he, '*si le caporal de mon regiment n'avoit bouché les trous de mes plaies avec de la terre.*' All seem dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, particularly since Prince Charles resigned the command.

August 11.—Long airings with the Princess Clary (to whom Töplitz belongs) fill up my evenings very agreeably. I have been in two of the carriages of the country. The first holds four, of whom two only can be defended from the weather. The second holds eight ; it is a long plank covered with a cushion,

with a footboard on each side, and on one a sort of narrow resting-place, which at will may serve for your back or arms, as you can turn yourself either way. It has four wheels covered with cases of strong leather to prevent the branches from entangling in them, and is excellent for going through woods and narrow roads. It is heavy to the horses, and requires six in a long drive.

August 22.—The last four days have been cheered by the society of my friend Mr. S——. How delightful to meet a friend and countryman in a foreign land. He travels with his eldest son, who has passed near a year at M. de Mounier's academy in Weimar. He went there merely a pretty-looking, insignificant young man, devoted to fashion, full of vanity, and anxious to think on all subjects with those who lead in the *ton*. Mounier has enlarged, refined, and liberalized his ideas, given him just notions of politics, a general taste in literature, and cleared his mind of the prejudices acquired in the round of fashionable life in London.—Conversed with the Count O'Kelly, who confirmed all I have heard of the Empress's unbounded influence over her husband, her devotion to her mother, and her dislike of the Archduke Charles,

which has produced fatal effects—whole troops at the battle of Marengo having surrendered without firing a shot, saying, ‘Why should we suffer ourselves to be massacred for those who have taken our father from us?’

Aug. 24.—To-morrow I leave Töplitz. There is one point in which it differs materially from an English water-drinking place—the expense may be rated at about one seventh. I am in a wretchedly comfortable, but not disgraceful lodging, for which I pay but two florins a night, and had I taken it by the week or month, it would have been still cheaper.—Yesterday evening I saw a play represented in the open air. The piece, *Graf von Walthron*, is military, and founded on a true story. An inferior officer, who insults his colonel, is condemned to die, and receives a pardon at the place of execution. Nothing, as far as what I saw of the pantomime enabled me to judge—for it was a play only to the eye, as it was impossible to hear a word—appeared new in the details. A wife, who arrives in great spirits to see her husband in camp, receives the news of his condemnation with a fainting fit, who kneels, implores, weeps, embraces, attempts to shoot herself, and, according to custom, suffers the pistol to

be forced from her with great facility, is what we have all seen a thousand times. I was chiefly employed in reflecting what astonishing art the ancients must have possessed to give effect to a piece in the open air. Here nothing could be worse. I sat in one of the best places, yet heard not a word ; and the mere spectacle did not strike the eye, as I expected an exact reality would have done. At one moment only the representation appeared to gain by its perfect truth ; it was when a number of horsemen gallop forward with repeated cries, and produce the pardon of Graf Walthron. Extreme haste to further a benevolent purpose has always a good stage effect. Among the spectators was Madame de Cachet, who commanded 22,000 men in the war of La Vendée, was wounded in several engagements, wishes to be thought daughter to Louis the Sixteenth, and is really not unlike the portraits of the family. She also resembles the Margravine of Anspach. I think her about forty, rather well-looking, her hair *d'une couleur un peu hardie*, and very long ; her complexion good, and not tanned ; her throat well-turned and very white, and her manner of carrying her head beautiful. She is of a middle height, rather fat and massy, her dress without taste, but not without pretension—a black gown, with a

white muslin chemise thrown over it, fancifully made and trimmed, a white muslin on her head, and a great display of hair, one tress of which hung down from the top of her head, where it was puffed, to the bottom of her waist in front. Her *confidante* abused the privilege which *confidantes* possess of being hideous. Some one proposed to remove her chair a little further back, and she turned to Mad. de Cachet, saying, ‘*Je dirai comme vous, je ne suis pas faite pour reculer.*’ Her friend smiled at this citation with great complacency.*

August 27, Dresden.—I have just seen Mr. Elliot, agreeable as ever. His conversation—‘The Emperor of Russia is a wild beast. I consider him a greater Jacobin than Robespierre. He has made more Jacobins. A person of whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, told me the following story. “I was travelling lately in Russia, and saw one of the carriages used in transporting prisoners, and sealed, according to custom, with the Emperor’s seal. I heard a faint voice call for water, and I asked who was within. The guide desired me to look through a

* I am entirely perplexed who this Vendean heroine is. I can find no mention of her in any histories of the time.—ED.

small grated window. I did, and saw two human figures fastened together by a chain passed through their cheeks, and secured by a padlock. One of them implored the conductor, in accents faint and indistinct, for God's sake to release him from his fellow-prisoner, who was become a corpse. The guide said that it was contrary to the Emperor's orders, and that he dared not open the carriage till it arrived at the destined spot." One would willingly go to Petersburg, for the sake of shooting such a monster.' In the evening I met Lord and Lady Holland at Mr. Elliot's. Her manner is pleasing; she is tall and *embonpoint*, with fine eyes, and an agreeable countenance, rather well-looking than handsome. Her husband is agreeable, and they both possess that vivacity of conversation and mildness of manner, the union of which forms the *cachet* of the Devonshire society.

Sept. 1.—An assembly at Mad. ——. On attempting to return home, fell into a strange perplexity. I removed this day from the inn to a lodging, but did not know the name of the street; yet having more dread of *ennui* than fear of losing my way, would not wait at the assembly for my footman, but got into a chair, and desired the men in bad German to take me

to a lodging opposite the Golden Angel—rather an indefinite direction, as it might apply to a dozen other as well as mine. However, I trusted to the good luck which follows me in trifles, and depended on chance for leading me to the right one. Alas ! I find myself on a staircase quite different from mine, and the chairmen do not comprehend they have made a mistake. A stranger (Count Romanzow, as I afterwards learned) politely asks if he can be of service, and desires to know where I wish to go. ‘Indeed, sir, I cannot tell.’ He wishes to know at length whence I came. That I cannot tell either, as Mrs. Elliot’s carriage brought me, and I never asked the name of my hostess. He must have thought me mad. At last, as my most natural resource, he ordered the chair, at my desire, to Mr. Elliot’s house in town, where Lord and Lady Holland lodged. I there supped with them. Mr. Elliot remarkably amusing ; no one has so much small talk, or parries better by a jest an opinion he disapproves, but does not choose to refute. He has so much wit, originality, and knowledge of the world, his caprice rather increases than diminishes his powers of pleasing. He says the Princess Radziwill (*mère*) is like a high priest in an Italian opera. Those who have seen her will appreciate the comparison.

Sept. 3.—Drank tea with Mad. de Hoenthal, a very small party, made for the reigning, or rather the *ci-devant*, Princess of Tour and Taxis, who was forced to quit Ratisbon on the arrival of the French. She has travelled four nights, yet is as fresh as possible, and betrays not a symptom of languor or weariness. She is a woman of about thirty, tall, well-made and graceful, her face agreeable, though her features irregular. Her deportment and countenance bear some resemblance to those of our Queen, her aunt. She is on her way to visit her sister, the Queen of Prussia. Her address is pleasing, and the character I have heard of her is amiable. Her anxiety to see every work of art worth observation, which has been strongly marked since her arrival, speaks in her favour. She is attended by her brother, the Prince of Mecklenburg. His features are good, and with expression might even be called handsome.

Sept. 4.—Breakfasted with Mad. d'Ahlefeld at a public garden called The Little Osterwiesc. It was a very small party given to the Princess Tour and Taxis. Afterwards we saw the palace of Prince Max,—very mediocre ; and his garden, where the ornament that we were desired most to observe, because it contributed

most to the Prince's amusement, was a *pipée*, or contrivance for catching birds in a net. I cannot describe it. There was a building, several walks, and a great deal of apparatus connected with it. It is the Prince's principal occupation. Poor man! We then went to the gallery, where the picture that most struck me was a Raphael representing the Virgin standing on a cloud, with the infant Jesus in her arms, the saints on either side in the act of adoration, and at the bottom of the picture two of the loveliest heads of cherubs I ever saw. The Virgin's face is divine. The Child, who appears about a year old, has more the expression of the King than Saviour of the world. There is a beautiful haughtiness, mixed with disdain, in his features. Mad. Wissenberg passed the evening with me, and oppressed me with her tenderness. She has been educated in a convent in France, which I should have guessed, had she not told it to me.

Sept. 7.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's with the Hollands. Her Ladyship's manner to her husband is too imperious; it is not the tyranny of a mistress or a wife, but of a governess to her trembling pupil.

Sept. 8.—Dined with the Hollands. She has a

mixture of imperiousness and caprice very amusing to the mere spectators. Her indolence is also remarkable, and she lies in a very easy posture on a sofa, with screens between the lights and her eyes, in all the dignity of idleness, employing every individual who travels in her party, without apology or intermission. Her husband has the honour of being fag-in-chief, but she likewise entirely occupies a humorous clergyman, a peevish physician, and a young lord. There is likewise a boy (Mr. Dickens) who comes occasionally, like those who attend servants in great families to do jobs; but he has found out that she dislikes the trouble of repeating her orders, and often evades them by affecting not to hear.

Sept. 9.—Supped at the Princess Dolgorouki's. Her egotism and vanity excessive. '*J'ai donné une fête au Roi de Pologne, qui l'a presque rendu fou. Madame de Brune avoit arrangé des groupes que nous représentions sur un petit théâtre derrière une gaze—entr'autres la famille de Darius—moi j'étois Statire aux pieds d'Alexandre. Après, la toilette de Vénus; trois des plus jolies femmes représentoient les Graces; moi j'étois Vénus, et il avoit un petit Amour en tricot qui me chaussoit.*'

Sept. 18.—Arrived at Count Münster's. He lives at Königsbruck, where he possesses a large and convenient château, which he has rendered cheerful by his taste in the disposition and furniture of the apartments. The family do not assemble at breakfast here as in England. Countess Münster rises at six, and does not establish herself in her drawing-room till about twelve. Their life is extremely retired ; and I believe it is not so much the custom to receive company in a German château as in an English country-house. We dine at two, sup at half-past nine, and retire long before eleven.

Sept. 28.—Left Königsbruck, where I had passed a few very pleasant and retired days. Countess Münster is a warm partizan of the philosophy of Kant, who says perfectibility and not happiness should be the object of human researches. Mad. Münster has adopted this idea, and considers all revealed religion as priestcraft, and Christianity as depraving our hearts, because it founds our virtues on a selfish hope of future bliss, and contracting our understandings, because it substitutes faith for reason. She thinks truth unattainable, but that there is a degree of relative truth to which each understanding may arrive, in proportion to its

strength and efforts. She is not the most formidable opponent to the Christian religion it has yet encountered ; and I doubt if she perfectly understands herself on these subjects, which she seeks with an eagerness that denotes a perfect conviction of her own strength. A lofty contempt of those who do believe, and great bigotry to her own system, render her conversation on such topics unpleasing. She has some imagination, extensive reading, but little tact, and a great deal of vanity ; yet she is altogether superior to the general class of females, and neither wants sensibility nor elevation.*

Sept. 30.—From the Museum went to the collection of porcelain under the same roof—eighteen

* I copy from a later journal an entry with date Jan. 7, 1825. ‘At last, after an interval of twenty-four years, which succeeded a tolerably intimate acquaintance of seven weeks, I saw Count Münster of Hanover again. We met like two ghosts, that ought to have been laid long since. I witnessed the whole process of the difficulty of persuading him that *I* was *I*, and I thought him as much changed in his degree as he could have found me. When we conversed, all the persons we referred to were dead and gone ; and our interview added another link in my mind to the chain of proofs, that after a very, very long interval neither friends nor acquaintance ought to meet in this world. He was kindly anxious to renew our acquaintance, and visited me next day ; but still it seemed as if seeing me had renewed some painful associations.’

chambers full of the finest specimens of every kind of Japan, Chinese, and Saxon porcelain. I saw the Saxon dragon china, which is only permitted to be manufactured for the Electoral family; the dragons are in crimson—exquisite biscuit, in imitation of the antique; heaps of valuable, but by me unvalued, mandarins; a whole room full of Egyptian idols; all sorts of old-fashioned figures in glazed and coloured china; fine dressed ladies with hats on one side and crooks in their hands, shepherds with pink ribbons and yellow feathers kneeling at their feet, the dog and the sheep partaking in the general smirk; coloured bouquets, insipid, but curiously accurate; hundreds of such jars as have singly formed the happiness of many a respectable dowager; and, in short, a profusion which I had never expected to behold. I then went to Graff's, an excellent portrait painter. He is famous for catching the expression of the countenance, but he leaves nature pretty much as he finds her, without attempting to obtain as much ideal beauty as is consistent with the resemblance.*

* Graff, born in 1736, is said to have left behind him at his death, in 1813, more than eleven hundred portraits. His pictures are still held in high esteem, but more those of men than of women.—ED.



Oct. 2.—Dined at the Elliots'. While I was playing at chess with Mr. Elliot, the news arrived of Lord Nelson's arrival, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of the latter, and Miss Cornelia Knight, famous for her *Continuation of Rasselas*,* and *Private Life of the Romans*.†

Oct. 3.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interest-

* *Dinarbas, a Continuation of Rasselas*, 1790.—ED.

† *Marcus Flaminius; or, Life of the Romans*, 1795.—ED.

ing ; her movements in common life ungraceful ; her voice loud, yet not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity ; who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show forth their praise ; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face ; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailor's way, with ' Hip, hip, hip, hurra,' and a bumper with the last drop on the nail, a ceremony I had never heard of or seen before.

Oct. 4.—Accompanied the Nelson party to Mr. Elliot's box at the opera. Lady Hamilton paid me those kinds of compliments which prove she thinks mere exterior alone of any consequence. She and

Lord Nelson were wrapped up in each other's conversation during the chief part of the evening.

Oct. 5.—Went by Lady Hamilton's invitation to see Lord Nelson dressed for Court. On his hat he wore the large diamond feather, or ensign of sovereignty, given him by the Grand Signior; on his breast the Order of the Bath, the Order he received as Duke of Bronte, the diamond star, including the sun or crescent given him by the Grand Signior, three gold medals obtained by three different victories, and a beautiful present from the King of Naples. On one side is his Majesty's picture, richly set and surrounded with laurels, which spring from two united anchors at bottom, and support the Neapolitan crown at top; on the other is the Queen's cypher, which turns so as to appear within the same laurels, and is formed of diamonds on green enamel. In short, Lord Nelson was a perfect constellation of stars and orders.

Oct. 6.—Dined with Lord Nelson at the Hôtel de Pologne. Went in the evening to a concert given to him by Count Marcolini. Paris sung—a fine bass, with the lowest tones I ever heard; and Ciciarelli, a soprano, who has lost his voice, but declaims well.

From thence went to a party at Countess Richtenstein's, Lady Hamilton loading me with all marks of friendship at first sight, which I always think more extraordinary than love of the same kind.

Oct. 7.—Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery with great facility, swiftness, and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine, and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room with a strong light to her left, and every other window closed. Her hair (which by-the-bye is never clean), is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very easy, with loose sleeves to the wrist. She disposes the shawls so as to form Grecian, Turkish, and other drapery, as well as a variety of turbans. Her arrangement of the turbans is absolute sleight-of-hand, she does it so quickly, so easily, and so well. It is a beautiful performance, amusing to the most ignorant, and highly interesting to the lovers of art. The chief of her imitations are from the antique. Each representation lasts about ten minutes. It is remarkable that, though

coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful, and even beautiful, during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of the accuracy of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her usual dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded, and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress, which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes, she sung, and I accompanied. Her voice is good, and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune ; her expression strongly marked and various ; but she has no shake, no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion with the eyes fixed on a book and the person confined to a spot, must always be a poor piece of acting *manqué*. She continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty, and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity,

avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says, ‘She will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England.’ Dined with the Elliots. He was wonderfully amusing. His wit, his humour, his discontent, his spleen, his happy choice of words, his rapid flow of ideas, and his disposition to playful satire, make one always long to write short-hand, and preserve his conversation.

Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss’s, wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to Court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no Court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, ‘Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and —— me, I’ll knock him down too.’ She was not invited in the beginning to Mad. de Loss’s ; upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Mad. de Loss

to invite her. From Mad. de Loss's visited Mrs. Newman, a very obliging entertaining woman of the *tiers état*, thence to sup at Mrs. Rawdon's. Here I found Lady W—— in the midst of a very animated discourse on precedence, which I soon found took its rise from Mr. Elliot's having led me in to dinner at Mad. de Loss's before her and another lady who had place. She politely told me he showed his ignorance and his impertinence, and she was sorry he knew no better. I had been so amused by his conversation at dinner, I had quite forgot the indecorum.

Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots', given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner ; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behind-hand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers proposed the Queen of Naples, adding, 'She is my Queen ; she is Queen to the backbone.' Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over

the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavoured to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty ; but not till the Lord and Lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra, were pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the Queen would receive her, adding, ‘I care little about it. I had much sooner she would settle half Sir William’s pension on me.’ After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the *Tarantola*. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then, ‘Mrs. Siddons be ——.’ Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to Court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the Elector never gave dinners or suppers—‘What?’ cried she, ‘no guttling!’ Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air.

Oct. 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board to-day. He heard by chance from a King’s Messenger that a



frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally.* He says:—‘The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton’s maid began to scold in French about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which were never spoken, but by *men* of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one boat to another. Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth’s actresses dressing in the barn.’ In the evening I went to congratulate the Elliots on their deliverance, and found them very sensible of it. Mr. Elliot would not allow his wife to speak above her breath, and said every now and then, ‘Now don’t let us laugh to-night; let us all speak in our turn; and be very very quiet.’†

* Mr. Elliot must have been a little too easily satisfied with his information; which under the circumstances is not very much to be wondered at. When Lord Nelson reached Hamburg there was no frigate waiting for him there, and he had to wait, I think, several days before one arrived.—Ed.

† It is sometimes curious and instructive to contrast the records of the same events. Here is the stately historical record of the sojourn at Dresden,

Oct. 11.—Dined at the Elliots'. Mr. Elliot says I shall not like Berlin. This is the summary of his sentiments on the subject :—‘The King is a fool, and the Queen a doll. Madame de Brühl an unpleasant, conceited, proud woman. Her husband ought to have been the woman, and she the man. The Browns a most uninteresting society, the Doctor pompous, and the wife tiresome. Beware of the Bishopswerders, an intriguing, dangerous set. Make no friendships, the Berlin people are false and unprincipled. You will lose a winter, and probably repent your journey.’

Oct. 15.—After three days and a half's journey through the most tiresome, flat, and sandy country I have ever seen in so long a continuity, arrived at Berlin.

as given in Pettigrew's very serviceable *Memoirs of Lord Nelson*, vol. i. p. 388 :—‘In two days he reached Dresden, where Mr. Elliot was British Minister. Prince Xavier, the brother of the Elector of Saxony, here visited Nelson. The celebrated Dresden Gallery was thrown open for his inspection and his friends', and they remained eight days in the city, admiring its worthy beauties and receiving entertainments at the Court, and when they took their departure, gondolas magnificently fitted up were in readiness to convey them to Hamburg.’

Oct. 20, *Berlin*.—I have been here since Wednesday, and am now settled in the apartments last inhabited by Prince Augustus, but of course have not hired any of those that were occupied by his suite. I have as yet made no new acquaintance except that of Lord and Lady Carysfort; an excellent and an amiable pair. She is made for her situation, having both the desire and the power of pleasing, appears to possess quick parts and strong feelings, has great pleasantry and a graceful flowing elocution. I have been there thrice by appointment, and have received a general invitation for every evening.

Oct. 21.—Went to a supper at Prince Ferdinand's. He is almost unintelligible from his manner of speaking, and it is difficult to persuade one's-self he was brother to the great Frederick, to the lively and highly intelligent Dowager Duchess of Brunswick. The Princess played cards with the gentleman whom Mirabeau speaks of as '*le père de ses enfants*.' She is good-looking, civil, and gentlewomanlike. The style of these suppers is *triste* and ceremonious.

Oct. 25.—Passed most of the evening with Mad. de Solms, a beautiful little widow, who is just going

to make a second choice, and is evidently enchanted at the idea. Finished the evening with Mrs. Hunter and Miss Jones, with whom I have always found the same French gentleman. She took the unnecessary trouble of accounting for this, by saying he came to thread their needles.

Oct. 30.—Went to the Exhibition, or as some call it, Exposition. It really exposes the melancholy state of the arts at Berlin. The head of Herod, formed entirely of little children, whose bodies, artificially placed, represented his features without the assistance of any other object, was a curious specimen of misplaced ingenuity, and false taste of the most odious kind.—Supped at Prince Ferdinand's; saw Prince Henry, who desired I should be presented to him. He looks like a little fiend of the minor class, not Belial, or any of the noblesse of hell. We conversed so little, I can speak but of his exterior. He appears as if he had just crept out of the embers, and was half-singed. He has two pretty women in his suite. They say Rheinsberg, his country house, is a scene of extraordinary wickedness and depravity.*

* There are various scandalous memoirs, both in French and German, of Prince Henry's life at Rheinsberg, which I know only by name; one,

Nov. 1.—At a party at Mad. Podewitz', conversed with Lord Carysfort, Mr. Adams the American Envoy, and *Citoyen* Beurnonville, the French Minister.* The latter looks like a Newmarket bullying swindler, but was full of flourishing civility. Buonaparte, the Consul's brother, and Envoy Extraordinary to this country, is short, very dark, and remarkably serious. His whiskers cover half of each cheek, and add to the dinginess of his appearance. He is going with Beurnonville's aide-de-camp to Warsaw, in order, as he says, to inspect the forts—of which, wherever he has been, he takes the most exact plans and dimensions—in hope, I suppose, they will soon belong to his own country. People are astonished at the imprudence of the Court of Prussia, in suffering this journey, as Warsaw is already filled with discontented minds, and has been

printed at Paris, ascribed, but falsely, to Mirabeau. On a visit to Paris, in 1784, he was present at a sitting of the French Academy, and was hailed there by Marmontel as '*la Vertu couronnée de gloire.*'—ED.

* Beurnonville, born in 1752, distinguished himself at Valmy and Gemappes. Being sent by the Convention to arrest Dumouriez, he, with the four Commissioners who accompanied him, were by him arrested and delivered to the Austrians. Recovering his liberty by an exchange, he was, in 1800, sent as Minister or Ambassador to Berlin. Having taken service with the Bourbons at the first Restoration, he adhered to them during the Hundred Days, and for this fidelity was largely rewarded by them. He died in 1817, a Marquis and Marshal of France.

half, some say quite, organized for revolution by the Abbé Sièyes. On the whole, the favourable manner in which this French mission has been received by the Court and the Ministers is so strongly marked, it cannot escape the most inattentive eye. Their preference of French politics and French principles to those of England appears a degree of infatuation in a monarchical state not to be accounted for by any of the common motives of action.

Nov. 18-23.—It is unnecessary to endeavour to discriminate every day in my journal, when all are so much alike in my life. I pass it entirely at Lord Carysfort's. I have been at a great supper at Count Schulenberg's, which did not vary the scene, as I sat by Lord Carysfort at supper in a very large company instead of sitting by him at dinner in a very small one. As usual, I saw Beurnonville, who was very attentive. He looks like an immense cart-horse put by mistake in the finest caparisons; for his figure is colossal and ungainly; and his uniform of blue and gold, which appears too large even for his large person, is half covered with the broadest gold lace. His *ton* is that of a *corps-de-garde* (he was really a corporal), but when he addresses himself to women, he affects a softness

and *légèreté*, which reminds one exactly of the Ass and the Spaniel, and his compliments are very much in the style of M. Jourdain. It is said, however, he is benevolent and well meaning.

Nov. 29.—Dined to-day with Madame Divoff, saw several curious contrasts in the entertainment—a dinner dressed by a French cook, and dirty napkins, &c.—the servants in magnificent liveries of scarlet and gold, with dirty shirts—the mistress of the house in a point-lace cap, and a dirty silk pelisse. For two hours after dinner we sang with Righini, an excellent *maître de chapelle*, who, to prove he was at his ease, came in his boots, and made love to Madame Divoff. Supped at the Princess Wysimska's; sang duets with Righini, and heard him sing charmingly—without a voice, but with a variety, taste, and suitableness to the expression of the air in his *manière de broder*, which I think unequalled.

Nov. 30.—Supped at Mad. Angeström's, wife to the Swedish Minister, who is perfectly indifferent as to all the interests of Europe, provided nothing interrupts her reception of the Paris fashions, for which she has an uncommon avidity. '*N'est ce pas, ma chère, que*

ceci est charmant ; c'est copié fidèlement d'un journal de Paris, et quel journal, délicieux ! She wears very little covering on her person, and none on her arms of any kind (shifts being long exploded) except sleeves of the finest cambric, unlined, and *travaillé au jour*, which reach only half way from the shoulder to the elbow. She seems to consider it a duty to shiver in this thin attire, for she said to Lady Carysfort, '*Ah, Miledi, que vous êtes heureuse, vous portez des poches et des jupes.*' I conversed chiefly with Beurnonville and Pignatelli. Beurnonville says, '*Mon secrétaire est pour les affaires, mon aide-de-camp pour les dames, et moi pour la représentation.*' The people about him are conscious he is *peu de chose*, but say, '*Qu'importe, on est si bon en Prusse, et si bien disposé pour nous.*' A person asked Vaudreuil, aide-de-camp to Beurnonville, if the latter was *a ci-devant*. '*Non,*' dit il, '*mais il voudroit l'être*'—a reply of a good deal of *finesse*, and plainly proving how unconquerable the respect for rank, and wish among those who have destroyed the substance, to possess the shadow. On my return I found an immense inhabitant of the hair on my tucker. My suspicions turned for a moment on Pignatelli, but on reflection I am sure he belonged to the French mission.

Dec. 4. — A ball at Albertleben's, the Minister's. It was very like a Lord Mayor's ball in London, but the dress and dancing not so good. On the whole, Berlin reminds me of a provincial town with a large garrison, and its manners seems pretty much on a par with its morals. The women are *borné* to a degree, and do not even possess ornamental accomplishments. I forgive this as a consequence of their bad education ; but I cannot excuse their failure in dress and dancing, which are the study of their lives.

Dec. 5.—Met M. Gentz, a *Berlinois*, at Lord Carysfort's. He strikes me as possessing more energy than any man I had ever seen. His head seems to be organized in a very superior manner, and his conversation bears the stamp of real genius. He is one of those who seem to impart a portion of their own endowment ; for you feel your mind elevated while in his society. In argument he is irresistible ; but it seems to be from fair and honest force, unassisted by trick or artifice. His voice rises, and his eye kindles, yet his warmth never becomes displeasing, nor degenerates into either violence or sharpness. In his writings he proposes Burke for his model, and walks

boldly beside him, for we cannot say he is a copyist, though a successful imitator.*

Dec. 6.—I have met M. Rivarol,† a much-applauded French writer; he also proposes to be the wit and demigod of the Berlin society, and I think may succeed, though his powers would not in my opinion assure him that rank elsewhere.

Dec. 13.—This morning I went to Lady Carysfort's. Mr. Proby, Lord Carysfort's nephew and chaplain, gave us the whole church service. It is interesting in this corrupted town to see a family circle join in prayer, and an inestimable wife and mother surrounded

* It may be worth observing here, as evidence of a just appreciation of a very remarkable man, that though some notable works of Gentz had already appeared, his greatest works were still in the future, nor had he, I believe, as yet given any indication of the very considerable part which, during the next fifteen years, he should play in the politics of Europe.—ED.

† Antony, Count of Rivarol, was born in 1753, and made literature his profession. His discourse *On the Causes of the Universality of the French Language* was crowned by the Berlin Academy in 1784, and still keeps its place as a valuable contribution to the history of the French language. He fled from the Revolution, first to Hamburg and then to Berlin, where he died rather suddenly in 1801, aged 47. A sketch of his life and character, by M. Berville, prefixed to his *Mémoires*, Paris, 1824, exactly bears out this account of him.—ED.

by her lovely innocent daughters, untainted and as yet unconscious of the infection which surrounds them.

Dec. 14.—A little dance at my hotel, composed chiefly of English. Gentz was of the party, and his conversation, as usual, delighted me. Rivarol and he are the two men of greatest talent I have seen in Berlin. I perceive this difference in their conversation, that Rivarol is perpetually on the watch to display himself, and catch the approbation of the circle, while Gentz is only anxious to do justice to his topic, and to lead their opinion. Rivarol labours, and sometimes successfully, to produce wit; Gentz lets fall from the plenitude of his ideas such superfluities as he cannot even miss.

Dec. 18.—Prince George, Righini, and Lord Carysfort passed the morning with me. The former said, upon my observing that Prince Augustus could be amiable, '*Oui, mais ses accès d'amabilité deviennent tous les jours plus rares, comme les apparitions du soleil à la fin de l'automne.*'—Prince Radziwill has been engaged in a plot to recover the independence of Poland. A letter of his was intercepted at Vienna, expressive of the wish, and arranging some of the

means, adding, '*il faut mettre en avant un Prince du sang,*' words which were supposed to allude to his wife's brother, Prince Louis, the 'Duc d'Orléans of Germany.'

Dec. 28.—Went to Court, which is here an evening assembly. I was presented to the King and Queen. He is a fine tall military man, plain and reserved in his manners and address. She reminded me of Burke's 'star, glittering with life, splendour, and joy,' and realized all the fanciful ideas one forms in one's infancy, of the young, gay, beautiful, and magnificent queens in the *Arabian Nights*. She is an angel of loveliness, mildness, and grace; tall and *svelte*, yet sufficiently *embonpoint*; her hair is light, her complexion fair and faultless; an inexpressible air of sweetness reigns in her countenance, and forms its predominant character. As perfect beauty in nature is a chimæra, like the philosopher's stone, and as it is rarely to be found but in the higher works of art, I take nothing from her charms in saying she is not faultless. An ill-shaped mouth, indifferent teeth, a broad forehead and large limbs are the only defects the severest criticism can discover; while her hair, her height, her movements, her shoulders, her waist, are all unexceptionable.

These slight faults only prove she is a woman and not a statue, and altogether she is one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. Her dress was in the best taste. Her hair was dressed in the fullest and most varied of the Grecian forms, going very far back, and ornamented with a heron's feather, and a number of immense diamond stars, so placed as to form a bandeau quite round, which came close to her temples. She wore a chemise of crape, richly embroidered in emerald-green foil, and a *moldave* (simply a body, train, and short sleeves) of pale pink silk, slightly sparkling with gold, and trimmed all round with sable. Her neck was richly ornamented with jewels. She speaks very graciously and politely to every one. I was also presented to the Princess of Orange, a beautiful young woman.

Dec. 31.—Went to a ball at Mad. Angeström's, the Swedish Minister's wife. Every one seemed to partake in the design of finishing the century with festivity and cheerfulness. The company was the *élite* of the Berlin society, and the ball was unusually animated and brilliant. I had just danced one dance with Mr. Caulfield, and was resting myself during the second in an outer room, when I heard that

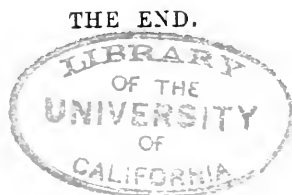
M. d'Orville, a young officer just one-and-twenty, had fallen down in a fainting fit in the dance. After some moments he was removed from the ball-room into Mad. Angeström's boudoir, where all the common remedies of salts, essences, cold water, and fresh air were tried without effect. Still no one was much alarmed. However, a physician and surgeon were called in. They exhausted in vain all the resources of their art; he was irrecoverably gone, and afforded an awful example of the uncertainty of human life. Mad. Angeström, whose nerves had been lately shaken by the death of a favourite son, was affected in a dreadful way. She fainted, and on her recovery knew nothing of what had passed, but was impressed with the idea that something had happened to her children. Her husband went to their apartment, and brought them to her from their beds, wrapped in large cloaks. He reminded me of Lewis's verses—

‘’Tis the father who holds his young son in his arms,
And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm.’

At first she did not know her children, and she continued to utter such incoherent rhapsodies as were both shocking and pathetic. The shrieks, faintings, tears, and hysterics of every woman who either had really weak nerves, or who wished to display her

feelings, completed the horror of the scene. I wished to escape. Lord Carysfort and Prince Radziwill offered me their carriages, but I refused one, and there was a mistake about the other. At last the contagion of the scene spread to me. I wept violently, and remember no more than that I was wrapped up by Mr. Ridley and Mr. Caulfield, who both showed infinite good nature, in a large cloak, and put into a carriage; that Mr. Ridley accompanied me home, where Mr. Kinnaird and he remained with me till a few minutes past twelve, that I might not be left to begin the new century a prey to melancholy reflection.

*[The remainder of the Journal has been sought
in vain.]*





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